

YOU have LIFE's best wishes for a Happy New Year.

But conditionally. It depends upon who you are. If a regular reader of LIFE, you deserve at least one more happy year, as you will unavoidably have reached a state of mental breadth, moral decency and cheerfulness of spirit that renders you a desirable neighbor. But if you are a public nuisance or a domestic tyrant, it is just as well if your coming

year be not so blissful. Perhaps you are a snob, a hypocrite, or a bully; if so, LIFE will try and bear up if you meet with a few setbacks during the next twelve months.

If you are a girl, and wear a high hat to the theatre, you have our best wishes for an early marriage with an impecunious nobleman; or anything else that will get you into a back seat and hold you there for all eternity.



LES FIANCÉS

Frederick, who is backward: I WOULD LIKE TO BE AN OLD TIME KNIGHT, TO FIGHT FOR YOU.

She: WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER IF YOU WERE A MAN-AT-ARMS?



HUMILIATING

Boy: SAY, YOUNG MAN, GIVE ME A QUARTER AND I'LL BOOST YER UP AND CARRY YER A BIT, AN' THEN YER YOUNG LADY WON'T HAVE TER STOOP EVERY TIME SHE WANTS TER HEAR WHAT YER SAYIN'!



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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THE New Year being again upon us, here's wishing to everybody as much of everything as is good for them; not the same amount to each, but to some such a moderate shortage as shall stimulate them to increased endeavors and to others such a superfluity as may be needed to apprise them by actual experience that not by "property" alone are man's aspirations to be satisfied. LIFE hopes to witness in 1892 a reasonable measure of that annual advance which it is part of our contemporary creed to believe that humanity is making. Some particular advances it also hopes to see in its own immediate environment, of which it is enough to set forth two: If 1892 will make significant progress toward bringing us cleaner streets, in cities, and better country roads, it will deserve to be held in grateful memory.

* * *

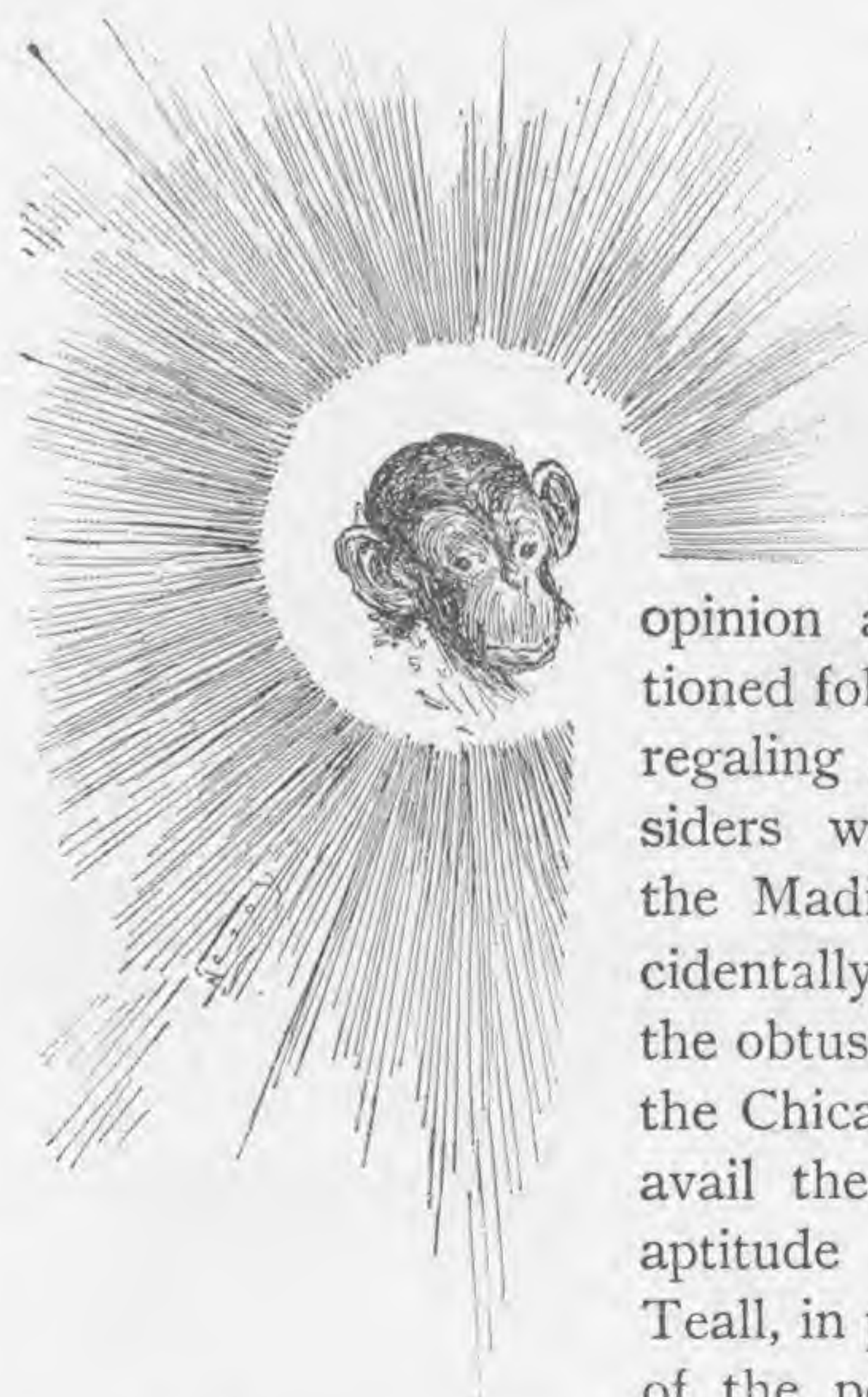


IN these parts, at least, the annals of '92 are likely to make good reading. It is the Columbus anniversary year for one thing, and there will be more or less feasting and showing of spectacles on that account, except in the city of Chicago, where action will not be taken until a twelvemonth later. But its great quality is that it will be a presidential year, and, probably, a very lively one, indeed. Put your ear to the ground and you will think you already hear the brass bands playing in the fall. Possibly you may be able to form an opinion whether they are playing for Cleveland or Flower, or Harrison or Blaine, or McKinley or Pattison, or Campbell or Boies. We shall know all about it before the glad new year takes a back seat.



THE necrology lists make interesting New Year's reading. To go through one usually makes the reader wonder if there can be anyone of much consequence left on earth. The list for '91 is long and important, and records some pretty serious fissures that have been left in the ranks of society. Nevertheless, the old sphere hums along about the same, and there are figures enough on it that seem worth watching. One figure that comes to the front just at this time is that of Governor Hill, who crosses the line of public vision on his way from Albany to Washington. Although it has been Mr. Hill's misfortune not to have realized at all times LIFE's lofty political ideals, it may be said in extenuation of his partial failure that he has been at least as great a disappointment to the Boss Platt as he has to us. While it is true that all the Mugwumps and a good many Democrats are glad to see him pitchforked into the Senate, it is not to be denied that a huge sigh of relief escapes the Republican breast as he turns over the reins at Albany to Mr. Flower, and adjusts himself to the consideration of new duties. It is possible that LIFE may never have occasion to say much about Gov. Hill again.

* * *



HUMAN life seems as far off as ever from losing the spice that comes of its large variety. Many men are still of many minds, as witness the recent difference of opinion among divers well-intentioned folks as to the expediency of regaling a multitude of little East-siders with Christmas cookies in the Madison Square Garden. Incidentally the occurrence suggests the obtuseness of the managers of the Chicago Fair, in neglecting to avail themselves of the surprising aptitude of Col. Oliver Sumner Teall, in providing for the diversion of the populace. Col. Teall is a natural showman. Chicago should engage him.

* * *

THE contemporary touch of nature which goes farthest toward making the whole world kin, is the grip. Unlike the quality of mercy, it is not mightiest in the mightiest, but treats all its victims badly, without regard to age, sex, race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

HOLIDAY TIME.



▼ DECEMBER ▼

THE Zodiakers probably chose the Goat for the sign of December, because that is essentially The Month of The Kid. By this time their little hearts have been completely filled with joy and their little tummies with confectionery, and Christmas begins to be a reminiscence.

POLITICS are said to be uncertain, but one thing may be relied upon. No matter how stupid or criminal the Republican leaders may be, the Democratic party as a whole can cap any mistake or crime of its opponents by a more thorough exhibition of asininity. The non-election of Mr. Mills is a case in point.

THE way Mr. Blaine acts, or rather doesn't act, about the nomination, is almost a case for the Humane Society. It is certainly cruelty to animals to keep little Mr. Harrison so long on the anxious seat.

MR. TOLSTOI is in a fair way to be forgiven for the "Kreutzer Sonata." His active sympathy for the down-trodden Russian is almost an expiation.

JUST whose shoulder the chip is on in the present state of affairs in Central Asia, it is difficult, at this distance, to determine. All the world has been holding its breath so long that it would be almost a relief to know that something had really happened.



BULLYING BULGARIA.



A MAGNIFICENT SELECTION.



THE REFINEMENT OF CRUELTY.



HERE WE ARE AGAIN!



BETTER THAN SHOE-MAKING.



A STORMY OUTLOOK.



THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, WITH ITS CUSTOMARY SAGACITY, BOLTS DOWN THE WRONG TURNING.



THE FAITHFUL SISTERS.

She: I—I—THINK I LIKE YOU, MR. TROTTER, BUT I CANNOT MARRY AND LEAVE MY TWIN SISTER ALONE. WAIT UNTIL SHE IS ENGAGED.

He: YES—BUT—ER—THAT'S JUST WHAT SHE SAID WHEN I PROPOSED TO HER.

WHY NOT ON
ONE AS WELL
AS THE
OTHER?



An ingenious device
invented by a horse for
adding to the comfort
and beauty of man
while exercising.

WHAT IT COSTS
TO RIDE IN A
FIFTH AVENUE
STAGE.

FIVE cents.
Partial deaf-
ness.

Outraged feel-
ings.

Physical discom-
fort.

Crushed toes—
from one to ten,
according to the
roughness of the
passage.

One injured hat.
Risk of personal
injury.

The certainty of
being a nuisance to
others.

Possible disfig-
urement for life.

Suppressed pro-
fanity.

Mutilated fingers
in getting in. Bro-
ken nose in getting
out.

Disgust with
yourself for having
tried it again.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF LIFE'S CHRISTMAS DINNER



AFTER the discussion of a list of good things too long for our limited space, the cloth was removed and LIFE and his guests proceeded to a feast of reason and flow of soul rarely equalled and seldom excelled.

THE HOST, rising to his feet amid a perfect storm of applause, expressed himself as more than gratified at seeing so many well-known faces about his mahogany. It was seldom, he continued, that a host enjoyed the privilege of seeing gathered together at one time so many people in whom he took so sincere an interest (*cheers*). It was also a source of gratification that, of the invited guests, so few had been forced to send regrets. Those who had done so had been so affable in their refusals that he felt sure his guests would be pleased to listen to their notes.

THE HOST then read the following letters :

SCHAFFHAUSEN-AM-ZURÜCKBACH, Dec. 18.

Dear LIFE :

It is with sincere regret that I am obliged to decline your kind invitation for Christmas dinner. I am informed that the person who is now going through the motions of governing the German Empire is to be present, and it would be inconsistent with my self-respect to sit at the same table with him. Wishing you the compliments of the season and promising you that, if ever again I come into power, LIFE shall have the government printing, I am,

Yours affectionately,

BISMARCK.

THE VATICAN, Dec. 16, 1891.

Beloved Son :

In these, our declining years, it would please us greatly to partake of thy hospitality, but it may not be. We fear that if we left The Vatican, even for an hour, Umberto might play some mean trick on us. Knowing the man, we prefer to take no chances. You have our blessing and our absolution for all the sins you ever have committed or ever will commit.

LEO.

SHEOL, Dec. 24, 1891.

Dear old man :

Awfully sorry, but it's utterly impossible for me to come. I've been working overtime for the past three months, and even so I've had to neglect many opportunities of securing results. We are enlarging our premises and are deepening the bottomless pit. We expect that the New Year's trade will be especially large and are intending to lay several miles of new pavements. Ta, ta, chappie. Have a good time.

Yours,

BEELZEBUB Q. SATAN.

THE HOST, after expressing his regret at the non-attendance of these distinguished persons, said that he experienced sincere pleasure in proposing the health of a lady whose open-handed generosity the sun never set upon. He knew his guests (with one exception, perhaps) would be glad to join him in drinking the health and long life of Queen Victoria, and in listening to her views on "Bringing up a Son." (*Prolonged applause.*)



HER MAJESTY spoke first of her strong admiration for the host. She said that often on stormy nights, when she knew that all the doors and windows had been securely fastened and that the cat had not been locked out, she sat by the fire and spent many delightful moments with LIFE as her sole companion. Not the least of her

troubles had been the proper education of her sons. One of them, to be sure, could not do much except fiddle, and he couldn't do that well enough to make a living at it. However, she looked with pride and joy on the varied accomplishments of her other children. For a number of years they had succeeded in getting handsome incomes without doing any work, and she did not doubt that they would continue to do so as long as she lived. She admitted that other mothers had not the same opportunities to bunco an entire nation in behalf of their families, but that was their misfortune rather than their fault.

HER MAJESTY then sat down amid great applause and vociferous cries of "Wales!" "Wales!"

THE PRINCE OF WALES rose to his feet and regretted that not having expected to make a speech, he had not instructed his private

secretary to prepare one for him. Nevertheless, he could not refrain from expressing his respect and love for LIFE, and while he differed from his esteemed host on the tariff question, he felt that they were entirely in unison on the bacarat problem and other important matters of state. In fact he had made LIFE his publisher for his forthcoming work, entitled, "How to Win at Cards; or, the Advantage on Your Side." He begged that the company would excuse his early departure as he had made an engagement to exhibit his

wardrobe to some young gentlemen of the Whippersnapper Club.



THE HOST expressed his regrets at the prince's leaving so early, but he felt sure that the guests would pardon it in view of the tremendous educational interests involved. He would now, he said, have the pleasure of proposing the health of the German Emperor, who would speak to "The American Hog."

EMPEROR WILHELM regretted that he had been sitting up all night watching his beard grow, and therefore was not prepared to do justice to so extensive a subject. He confessed that his acquaintance with it was limited to the kind that was exported to Ger-

many, but he had learned from his genial and accomplished host (*cheers and applause*), that he would have no difficulty in pursuing the observation of the subject, as he understood that The American Hog was to be found in all public places and especially in the public conveyances in this country.

THE HOST stated that he had no doubt that his guests had been as much edified as he had been by the instructive remarks of the representatives of foreign royalty, but he did not think that our own royal family should go unheard. He was happy to state that there was present a young gentleman who, by his retiring modesty, his conspicuous good taste, and his reluctance to arrogate to himself any of the lustre shed on his family by his father's good luck, had endeared him to the whole American people. He would call upon Mr. Russell Harrison to respond to the toast, "The Presidency as a Family Perquisite."

MR. RUSSELL HARRISON rose amid enthusiastic silence and said that his father was deeply engaged with the Republican leaders in trying to



decide who should be appointed postmaster at Jumpoff, Neb. He had lifted most of the important responsibilities from father's shoulders, but this was a case in which, although the Blaine faction was making itself strongly felt, he thought father was competent to act alone, and therefore he was able to attend at the present festivity. For himself he had always admired LIFE (*cheers*) and he had no doubt the admiration was mutual. He and father had shaped the policy of the administration on the lines suggested by LIFE and were only sorry there were not more relatives and connections of the Harrison family to place in lucrative offices. He and father had done their best, but the family records were a trifle imperfect with regard to the marriages of some distant cousins, and it was possible that one or two connections by marriage had been overlooked.

THE HOST remarked that, having heard from American royalty, it was next the turn of our nobility and gentry. He would call upon Mr. Ward McAllister to speak to the important question, "Who is the Most Prominent American Snob?"

MR. MCALLISTER stated that a career of some years among the wealthiest society of New York had, perhaps, especially qualified him to speak on this question. Every time he attended an entertainment among his four hundred friends the idea was thrust upon his notice; but not until he returned home and consulted his own mirror did he feel sure—if his listeners would pardon his apparent presumption—that he had found the correct solution to the question.



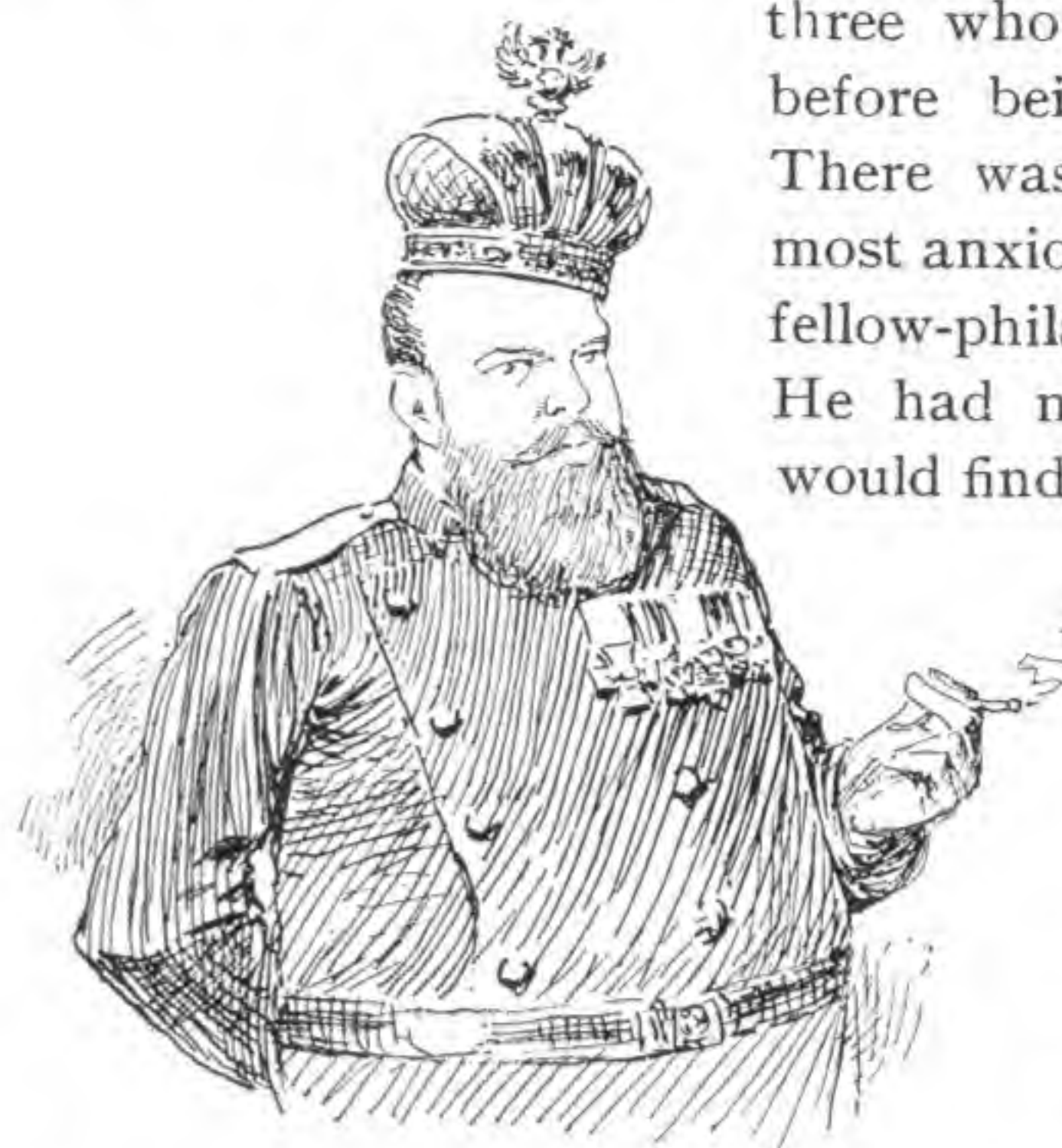
THE HOST said that he would now have the pleasure of calling upon an eminent theological gentleman to speak on the subject of "The Doctrine of Election Considered with Regard to the Future of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll."

PROFESSOR BRIGGS feared that in view of the ecclesiastical boycott with which he was threatened, if he expressed his real opinions on this subject, he would meet even worse treatment from the meek and lowly Christians with whom he was associated in the business of saving souls. But with regard to the gentleman named he would state that he considered neither him nor the individual whose realms he had abolished as black as either of them had been painted.

THE HOST was glad to announce that after much persuasion a certain eminent philanthropist of world-wide fame was present and would address a few remarks to the guests. He would call upon the Czar

of Russia to speak to the question, "The Best Way to Starve a Peasant."

H. I. M. the Czar, regretted his lack of ability as a public speaker. Heretofore his addresses had been made to select audiences of two or



three who had been thoroughly searched before being admitted to his presence. There was one American whom he was most anxious to meet. He referred to his fellow-philanthropist, Mr. Russell Sage. He had no doubt that he and Mr. Sage would find mutual profit in an interchange

of views on the subject of high explosives. With respect of the question the host had mentioned he feared that he was little competent to speak. Peasants and such persons were far below the contemplation of a ruler who was continually vexed with the problem

of how to maintain the largest standing army in the world, and yet keep the nation from going broke.

THE HOST rose to introduce a gentleman who was as noted for his piety as for his high standard of political morals. He had the pleasure of announcing that the Honorable John Wanamaker, better known to his guests, perhaps, as "Bethany Jack," would speak on "The Bargain Counter Principle in Politics."

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL stated that his whole life had been governed by the teaching of the Scriptures. He had been especially



careful not to let his left hand know what his right hand was doing and *vice versa*. If he gave \$100,000 to a presidential campaign fund with his right hand, it was done in such a way that no previous knowledge would prevent his accepting a cabinet portfolio with his left. He thanked God that numerous little boys and girls were imbibing his kind of morality at the Bethany Sunday School. He would also call the attention of his hearers to the fact that at his emporium in Philadelphia, on the day after New Year's, there would be displayed some extra choice bargains in Bal-

briggan hose and half-hose, double thick toes and heels.

THE HOST, after thanking his friends for their presence at his Christmas dinner, and expressing the hope that they would often meet again under the same circumstances, stated that as a conclusion he would call upon Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan, to speak, to "The American Gentleman."

MR. SULLIVAN regretted that he wasn't just in talkin' trim. Him and some other gentlemen, he said, had been engaged for the last tree days in findin' out who could drink the most fizz without gittin' knocked out, and on that account he was a little bit hoarse in his throat.



But all the same he t'ought the chin he had heard to-night was out o' sight. For himself he didn't go in much for chin, but he was ready to meet any gentleman present in a twelve-foot ring and show him that an American gentleman was a gentleman all the way t'rough, whether it was four rounds or to a finish. And he was yours truly, John L. Sullivan.

After placing THE HOST on the table and singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," the party separated, THE HOST paid the bill, and LIFE's Christmas dinner for 1891 was a thing of the past. *Metcalfe.*

A MUG OF BASS.

A MUG of Bass! More clear and fine,
More bracing than the ripest wine.
The fragrance of the country air,
And yellow grain and meadows fair,
And grassy slopes with lowing kine,
And mellow warmth of rich sunshine,
All mingle in this draught divine.
Old Jove might quaff and Hebe bear
A mug of Bass.

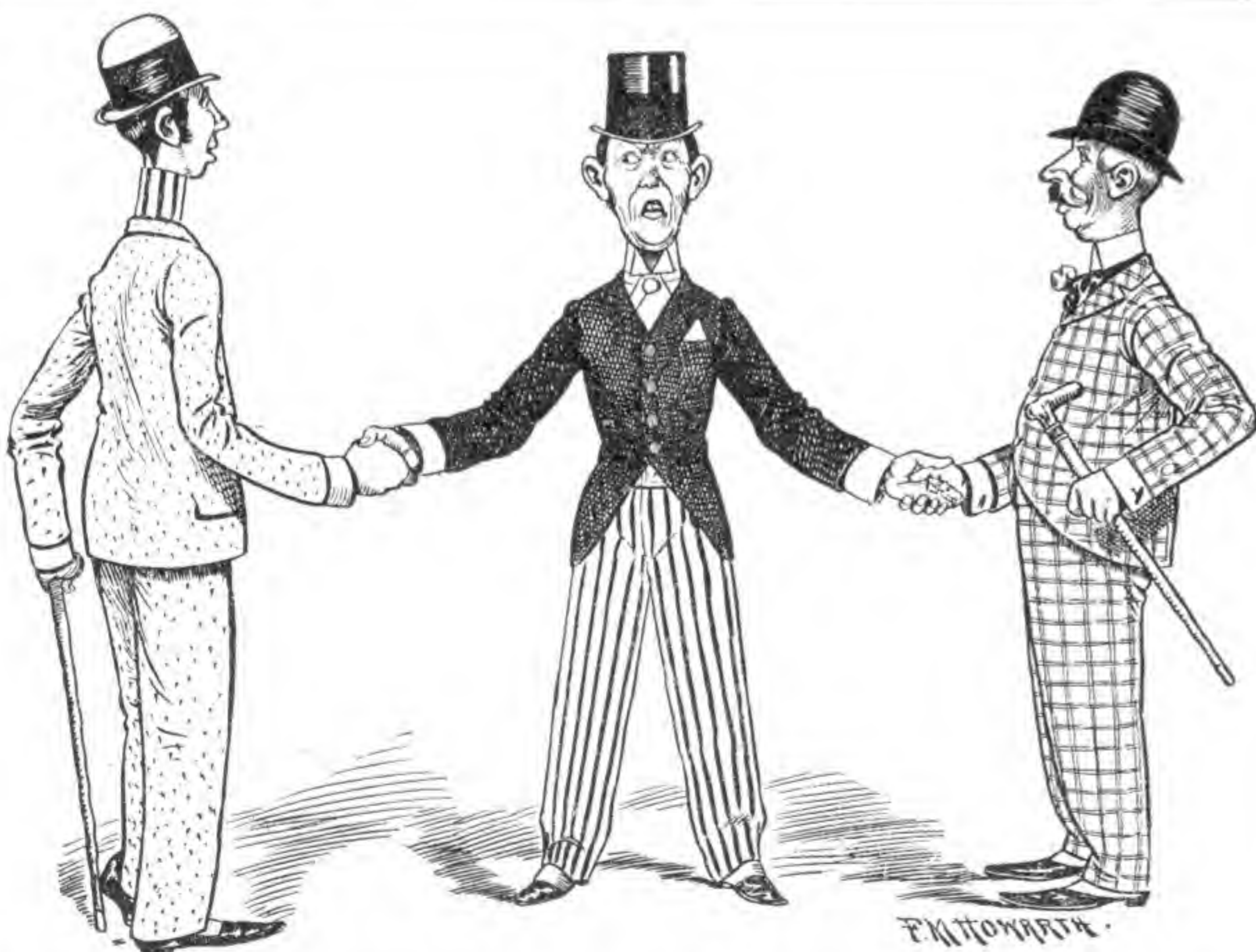
Served with a chop of South-Down line
Or toasted trotters of the swine,
It brings a flavor deep and rare,
With which no scarlet lips compare;
Touch them who will: I press to mine
A mug of Bass.

Harry Romaine.



A WATCH-MEETING IN THE FICTION ALCOVE.

IT was the last night of the year, and a few conspicuous spirits among the Books of the Year were keeping Watch-meeting in the fiction alcove of the old library. The aristocratic and venerable classics, serene in the consciousness of their own immortality, slept quietly in the neighboring alcove, with the soft perfume of crushed Levant and Russia enveloping them. One day was as another, and a thousand years as one day to them; they rested secure in the respect and admiration which the best men of the centuries had given them. But the parvenus among the books felt the insecurity of the position they had achieved for themselves; the new year might sweep them from the shelves into the waste-paper cart, or it might see them encased in substantial binding and promoted to the company of that respectable aristocracy known as "Contemporary Standards."



Freshleigh (in ecstasy of bliss): CONGRATULATE ME, BOYS. I AM ENGAGED TO MISS SPOONER.

Charlie Binthere } MY HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS, DEAR
Gus Knowal } FEL. I WAS ENGAGED TO MISS SPOONER MY-
SELF FOR { A YEAR.
FOURTEEN MONTHS.



Pater: SO TO-MORROW'S LORD ENGIE'S BIRTHDAY, EH? WELL, AS HIS FIANCÉE, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE EXPECTED TO GIVE HIM A HANDSOME PRESENT OR TWO?

The Daughter: WHY, YES—OF COURSE.

Pater: THEN I'M GOING TO LET YOU GIVE HIM A RECEIPTED BILL FOR EVERY DOLLAR HE OWES ME, AND A FIRST CLASS TICKET TO LIVERPOOL.

"Whether this life of a day is all that we can expect or whether we are immortal is a most significant question to us, as it is to the human beings we amuse," said the *New England Nun*, a little solemnly.

"Perhaps you would live longer if you did not take it so seriously," cut in *Mademoiselle Réséda*, as she adjusted her gorgeous gown to the exigencies of the bottom shelf. "For my part if I can be talked about for one Newport season, and read on the sly in fashionable boarding schools, I feel that I have achieved the end of my existence and am ready for the junk shop."

"You'll get there," said the irrepressible *Gallegher*, "and it won't be very long. Pretty frocks and fervent love-making soon lose their charm. But I work a better racket. If you want to be popular with the ladies you must do the 'sympathetic and fine sentiments' act. When you work on the permanent affections you are getting a grip on the coat-tails of immortality."

"For my part I believe in a little wickedness as an aid to long life. You recall that a wise mortal said 'the good die young.' If it had not been for the little street-walker where would I have been?" asked the *Light that Failed*.

"In the lowest circle of the Inferno of the romantic novel," replied an *Imperative Duty* with the sepulchral voice of a Sage. "For that bit of realism I am inclined to forgive what I have called your 'swagger,' intending to rebuke your popularity, and give pain to the multitude who were applauding you. That disagreeable young woman

raised a social question of the gravest import to young men, and it is only social problems that are worth treating in fiction. *I am a Problem and I expect to live.*"

"Then my doom is sealed," floated from the windows of the *Squirrel Inn*, "for I never thought of being a Problem, and it is too late to reform. I am only a miserable sinner of an 'amusin' cuss,' and when the clock strikes twelve I'll tumble from my perch."

"No, you won't," growled the *Wrecker*, as he hitched his trousers, "and some of these bloomin' moral chaps with serious purposes and devilish fine sentiments are going to have solemn funerals, while you and I, and other blokes who are amusin' and full of blood, will ride ahead of the hearse."

"If blood will tell," said *Khaled*, "my future is secured, for I am a high-born son of the genii, and I talk the only pure Arabian language."

"But the people are tired of dialect," said *Jerry*. "Now, I am a pretty clever boy, but I found it hard to carry that mountain dialect more than four or five chapters."

"You canna preach out o' your ain poupit," said the *Little Minister*. "Dinna ye ken how they like the clish-ma-claver o' me and *Tammas Whamond*?"

While *Lady Falaise* and *Peter Ibbetson* and *Donald Ross* and *Iduna* were clamoring to be heard in the discussion, the clock began to

strike the hour. From the alcove of the Classics came the gentle voice of a kindly cynic, whom they all recognized; and they were silent:

"You may settle your Fable-land in your own fashion. Anything you like happens in Fable-land. Wicked folks die apropos, annoying folks are got out of the way, the poor are rewarded. * * * Ah, happy, harmless Fable-land, where these things are!"

While the bells outside were ringing, and a great noise was rising out of the city streets, the patricians and the parvenus among the books were exchanging New Year's greetings. Then the parvenus moved in solemn procession to the upper shelves, and made room for more.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

CRAWFORD. By Mrs. Gaskell. With a preface by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

The Perfume Holder. By Craven Langstroth Betts. New York: Saalfield and Fitch.

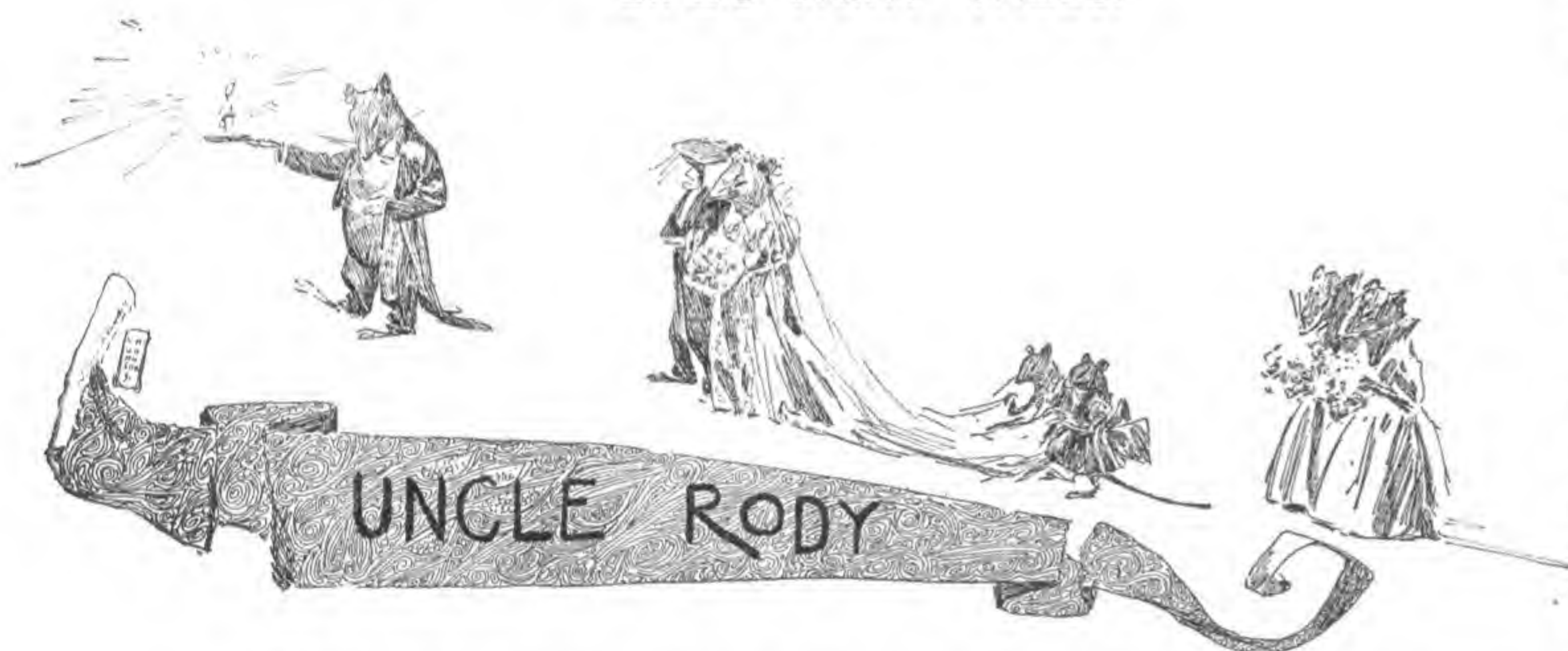
The Knighting of the Twins, and Other Stories. By Clyde Fitch. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Old Stone House, and Other Stories. By Anna Katharine Green. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand. Edited by the Duc de Broglie. Volume IV. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An Old Sweetheart of Mine. By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

LIFE'S FAIRY TALES.



THERE once lived in the Hub of the Universe a man who was the proprietor of a heavy grief, which all came from his only son being a crushing disappointment.



He had the most ambitious plans for the future of this son; but as the boy grew up it became evident that he was not only without ideas of his own but lacked the capacity of recognizing one should he meet it unannounced. He seldom opened his mouth save for purposes of nourishment. As he was rather handsome, however, it often required time for strangers to discover what an ass he really was. His father had tried for many years to be proud of him, but it was an uphill struggle that wore heavily on his spirit.

One afternoon as some important business led the unhappy father toward a decanter in the butler's pantry, he discovered a little mouse weeping bitterly in a trap. The

prisoner seemed entirely overcome by the horror of his position.

"You appear to be depressed," said the father.

"Well I may be!" answered the mouse. "I was to be married this afternoon; now I shall be—murdered!" and again he broke down.

"Well, such a change of program must be disappointing," said the unhappy father. "I should be upset myself," and looking around to make sure that no one observed his folly, he opened the cage door. The mouse stepped quickly out and ran across the floor, but stopped in the doorway and said with a polite bow:

"I thank you, sir, a thousand times. You have saved my life, and I shall not forget it."

That night the unhappy father went to bed thinking gloomily, as was his habit, upon the empty future of his stupid son. He slept but a short time when he was awakened by an unusual sound. As he opened his eyes he discovered two mice upon the foot-board of his bed, singing in excellent time and with much expression, this couplet:

Please accept, O benefactor,
From a happy bride and groom,
Hearty thanks for having saved us
From an unrelenting doom.

Then, seeing he was well awake, they sang to a different air and quicker time:

Turn, O turn your grief to joy!
Call three times for Uncle Rody;
You will find him just the boy,
Just the boy!

Then they scampered down the foot-board, and all was still again.

This occurred for three nights. On the third night he finally sat up in bed and said, more to gratify the mice than from any faith in the performance,

"Uncle Rody! Uncle Rody! Uncle Rody!"

In a moment there was a violent scratching, then a stout mouse, rather past middle age, clambered up the foot-board. He sat there with his hands folded over his stomach, and seemed a little out of breath.

"Well, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"Turn my grief to joy, if some of your friends have not exaggerated your abilities."

"Nothing easier," said Uncle Rody. "What is your grief?"

Then the unhappy father told him all about his son.

"I can easily remedy that," said Uncle Rody, "if you will only take my advice."

"What is your advice?"

"Make your son a physician."



"WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"

"A physician!" exclaimed the father, "why, he hasn't brains enough for a hod carrier!"

"No brains are required. Your son has a pompous manner and says little; a combination that is sure to impress a sick man."

"But he could never cure anything!"

"Why should he," said Uncle Rody. "Nature does that. And when the patients die it is because nothing could have saved them;" and here he gave his listener an enormous wink, out of all proportion to his diminutive eye.

"But the other physicians," said the father, "they would be sure to find him out."

Uncle Rody smiled wearily.

"Are doctors of the same school in the habit of denouncing

each other? Your son can murder every patient he treats and his professional brothers will stand by him to the last. Just give it a little thought and you will take my advice. Good-night!" * * *

Three years later the stupid son returned from abroad, after a series of unintelligent studies in the principal medical schools of Europe. His first patient was an influential lady



HIS FIRST PATIENT.

who had the whooping cough. He pronounced it quick consumption. She of course believed him, and when she recovered was so overcome by her miraculous escape from this usually fatal disease that she recommended him in the most enthusiastic manner to all her friends. His second great success was with a child who had cramps in the stomach. He treated him for curvature of the spine, and as the child came out of it with an excellent figure the wealthy parents overwhelmed him with their gratitude. His reputation was now firmly established. He became a shining light in the profession, and soon after married a merchant princess.



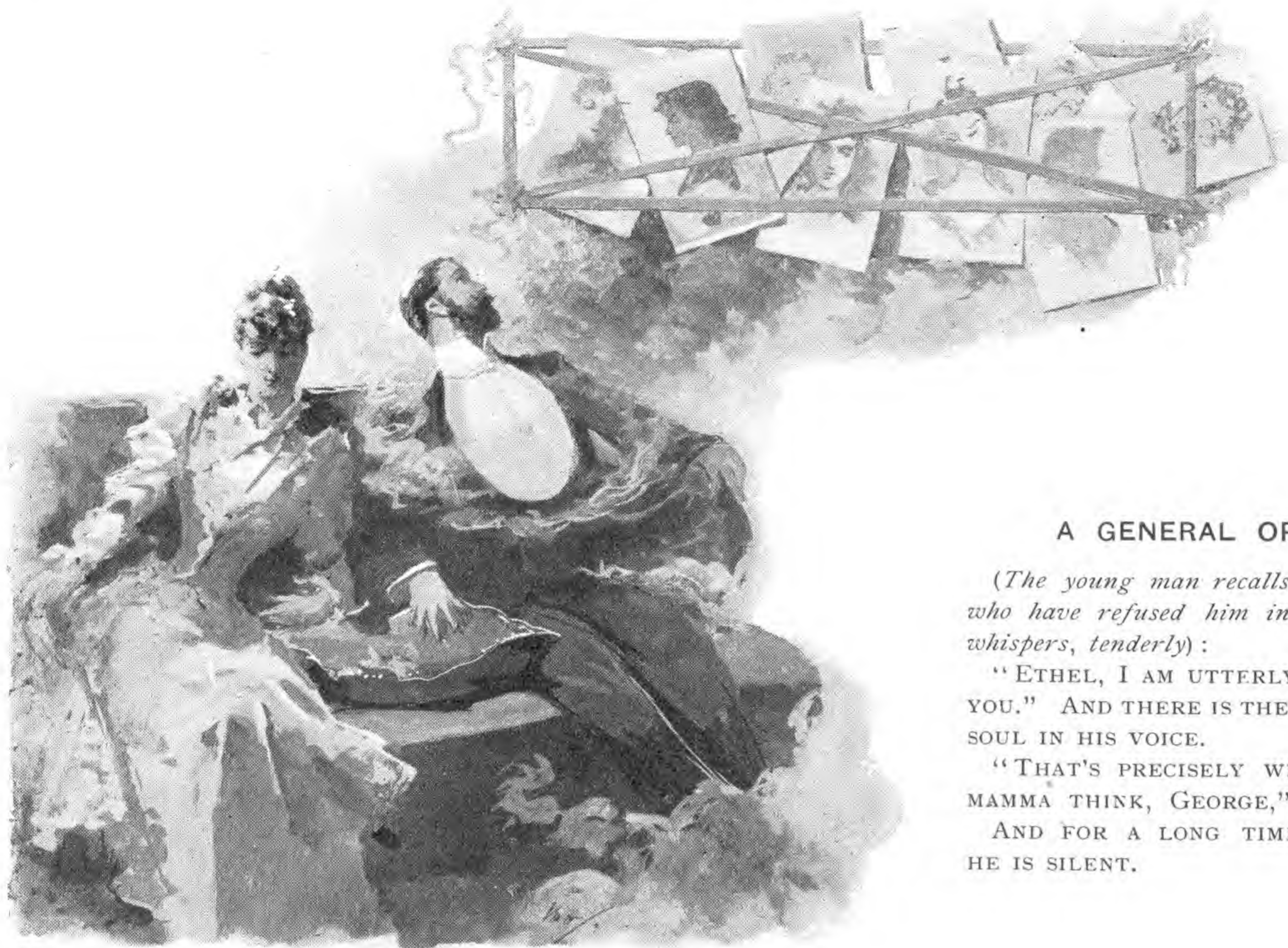
J. A. Mitchell.



THE OLD YEAR'S LEGACY TO



W.A. Rogers.



A GENERAL OPINION.

(The young man recalls divers damsels who have refused him in the past, then whispers, tenderly):

"ETHEL, I AM UTTERLY UNWORTHY OF YOU." AND THERE IS THE SOB OF A LOST SOUL IN HIS VOICE.

"THAT'S PRECISELY WHAT PAPA AND MAMMA THINK, GEORGE," SHE REPLIES.

AND FOR A LONG TIME THEREAFTER HE IS SILENT.



NOTHING IN IT.

"SHE makes all of her own dresses. Don't you think she would make a good wife for Alfred?"

"No, indeed! Think how poor her father must be."

AN OPINION.

"I DON'T know which is worse, Christmas or measles," said Mrs. Workedto death.

"Oh, Christmas, by all means," said Mr. W. "You only have measles once."

MAKING A GOOD START.

WIFE: I think we ought to begin the New Year by turning over a new leaf; don't you?

HUSBAND: I do; and I have a suggestion to make right here.

WIFE: What is that?

HUSBAND: Begin on a new turkey. That Christmas bird is getting a little tired.

"THAT remains to be seen," as the man said when he spilled the white paint on the sidewalk.



"THE LAST OF THE HOGANS."

MR. HARRIGAN'S new piece gives us no particularly new studies of New York life. Mr. Harrigan's own character shows us the prosperous New York Irishman in the guise of a sporting politician-lawyer. He gives to *Judge Dominick McKeever* the main characteristics of *Reilly*, the pawn-broker; but endows him with a few more of the outward signs of dignity and polish. This makes him even more at home with the Irish, negroes and sports who are the *Judge's* clients, as they were *Reilly's* debtors. Taken all in all, *Judge McKeever* is hardly as original and striking a character as *Reilly*. The other members of the cast are in their usual places. Mrs. Yeamans, as *Matilda Merryfield*, a spinster in love with the *Judge*, is as funny and delicious—no other word describes her—as ever.

To our first statement there must be one exception. The laughable meeting of "The Knights of the Mystic Star" gives a realizing sense of the fondness of our colored brethren for pomp and ceremony.

BRACE UP!

ALTHOUGH he's born in winter wild,
The New Year is a jolly child ;
With holiday and festive glee
He greets us all on shore and sea.—
So, as behind strong bars and locks
Our last year's documents we box,
Tear calendars now out of date,
And wipe old reckonings from the slate ;—
Let's think our cares and griefs are dead,
And with fresh courage look ahead !

G. E. Hanson.

A FEW NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

RESOLVE: That you will lead an upright and noble life.

As you will promptly break this resolution it will ease any qualms of conscience you may have at breaking any others.

Resolve: That you will speak nothing but good of your friends.

In this way you will be able to learn very shortly how very few friends you have.

Resolve: That you will never drink again.

Then for a couple of weeks you can tell your friends that you break your good resolution merely to drink with them, and they will feel very, very happy,

Resolve: Not to marry.

If married already, point to this resolution at the end of the year with pride. If a female (which is to be hoped you are not), tell all the men about it. It is leap year, and they are all looking for that kind of a girl.

Resolve: That you will be prudent and economical during the entire year.

If you are not all will be well, for you will probably have to be economical next year to make up for it.

Resolve: Not to tell your girl of your New Year's Resolutions.

She is probably a trusting young thing and it will rend her heart to learn that, after all, you are not actually divine as she had supposed.

Tom Hall.



"NEXT."

LIFE'S LESSONS IN HISTORY.



ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE. JAN. 1, 1808.



THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON. JAN. 3, 1777.



DAMIEN'S ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF LOUIS XV. JAN. 5, 1757.

"OH, yes, I often have to sit on the jury," said the Supreme Court Judge, as he administered a reprimand.



INGRATITUDE.

I WALKED some dozen miles or so
Up to my waist in drifting snow,
And got myself frost-bitten,
To get a maid a Christmas tree,
And then she hung on it, for me,
What do you think?—A mitten.

—Elmira Echoes.

"WHAT is in the package?" asked the clerk at the express office, proceeding to fill out a blank.

"Old letters," replied the young woman.

"Value?" mechanically inquired the clerk.

"Fifty thousand dollars."

And the plaintiff in the breach of promise case of Joone agt. De Cember, who had just remitted a batch of documents to her lawyer, walked out of the express office with a vivid but business-like gleam in her eye.—*Chicago Tribune*.

IT is said of a certain literary woman that she is never at loss for a reply, and never misses an opportunity to say a bright thing. One day, a friend was describing to her a noted artist, about whom her curiosity had been greatly aroused, but whom she had never seen. "To begin with," remarked the friend, he has a perfect Niagara of a forehead!" "What?" said the other; "do you mean to tell me the poor man has a cataract over both eyes?"—*The Memoirs of Cheiropodus*.

YOUNG LADY—Good morning, Mr. Surplice. You stated yesterday that you wished some of the members of the congregation would solicit subscriptions for a bell.

CLERGYMAN—Yes, Miss De Goode. It is my ambition to have the largest and finest bell in the city.

YOUNG LADY—I have plenty of leisure, and would like to help.

CLERGYMAN—Very well. Here is a book. Don't waste time applying to families who live within two or three blocks of the church. They won't give anything.—*New York Weekly*.

"DID I hear you say that you once saw a red-headed Indian?"

"Yes."

"Well, can you explain the phenomenon?"

"Certainly; he was bald."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly*.

CLARA: Tell me, dear, if your form was like mine, what would you wear at the masquerade ball?

MAUDE: I think I should wear a balloon.—*Cloak Review*.

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Chafing, Dandruff,
Odors from Perspiration.
Speedy Relief by Using

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Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila.

Lundborg's

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EDENIA

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Goya Lily.



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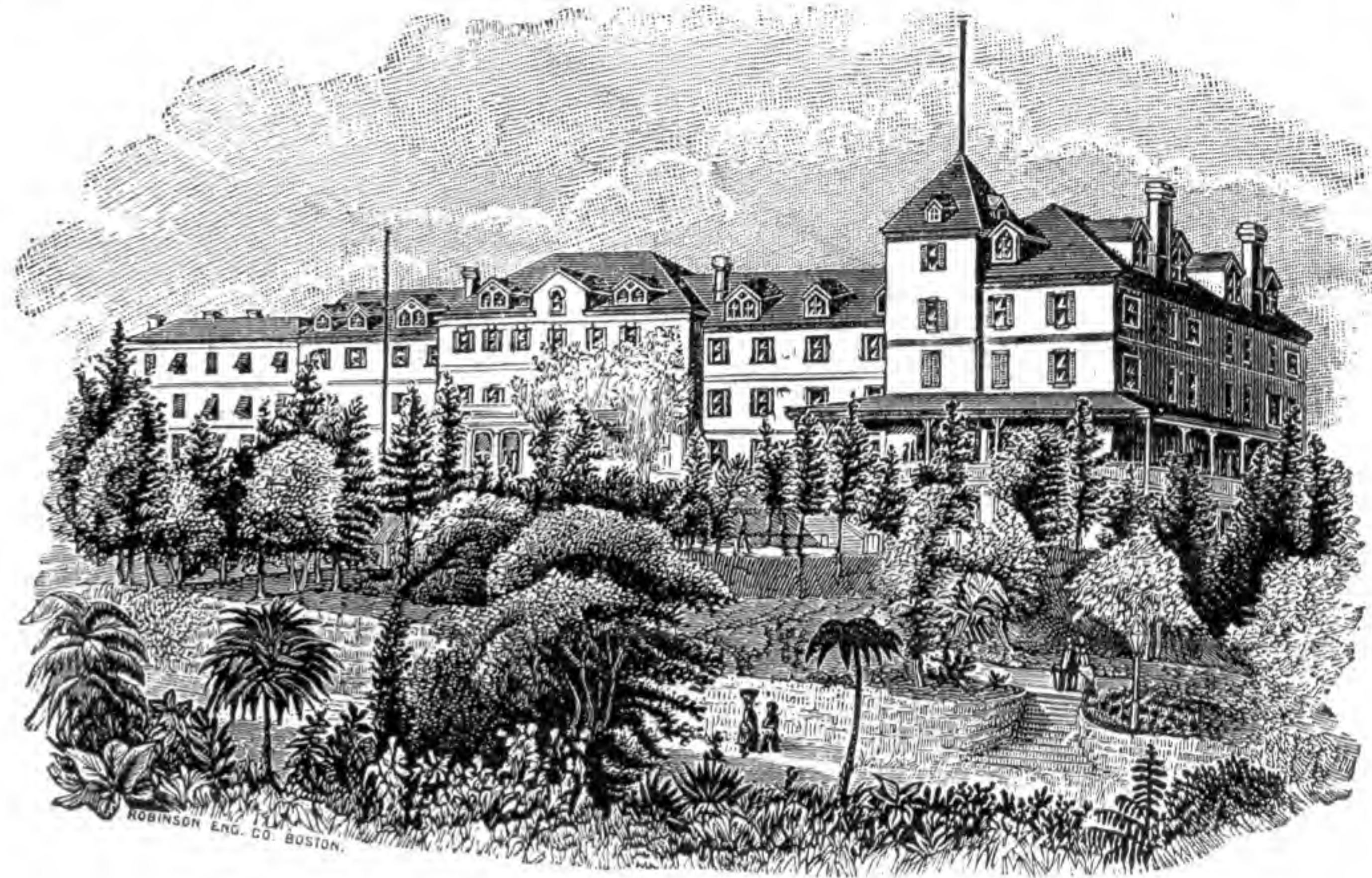
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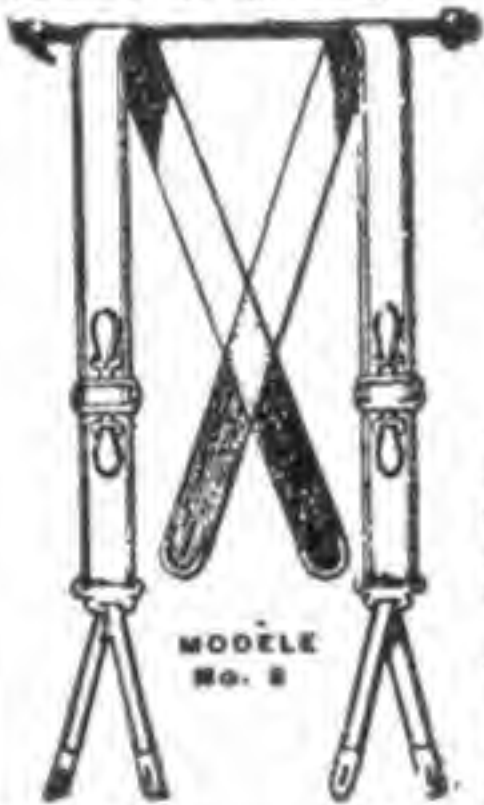
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The Butler: THIS NEWSPAPER HAS DISCOVERED THAT I AM A DISGRACED ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.



Harry (to little brother): SAY, SHUT UP YER DARNED NOISE, WON'T YER; I CAN'T SAY MY PRAYERS.

"JULE," remarked Brutus as he strolled into the great Cæsar's tent, "did I ever tell you of the fight I once had among the Allobroges?" Gets off a long windy tale involving the single-handed slaughter of eleven ferocious barbarians.

"Brute, my boy," remarked Cæsar solemnly, when he had finished. "I admire Gaul, especially Trans-alpine Gaul, but still I must say that you remind me of a harp shattered by the lightning of great Jove."

"How so?" inquired Brutus, unwarily.

"Because you're a blasted lyre," answered Cæsar, taking a long pull at a flask of Chian of the 754 vintage.

And from that day forth Brutus began to meditate on the Ides of March. —*Yale Record.*

BUNKER: How did you come to leave your wife in Paris?

HILL: She couldn't make up her mind whether she wanted a yard or a yard and a half, and I got tired waiting. —*Cloak Review.*

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DE LITTL' MODDER.

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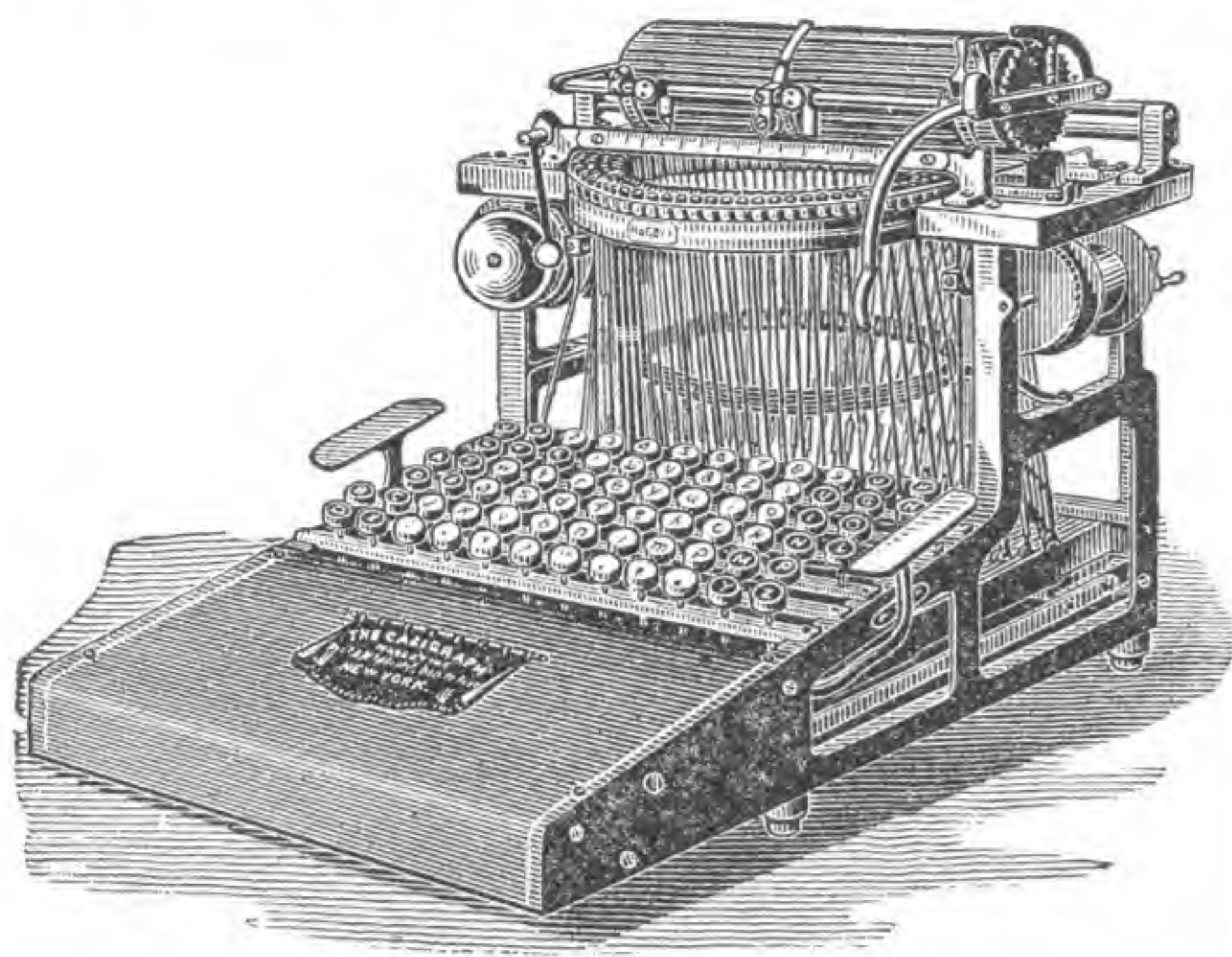
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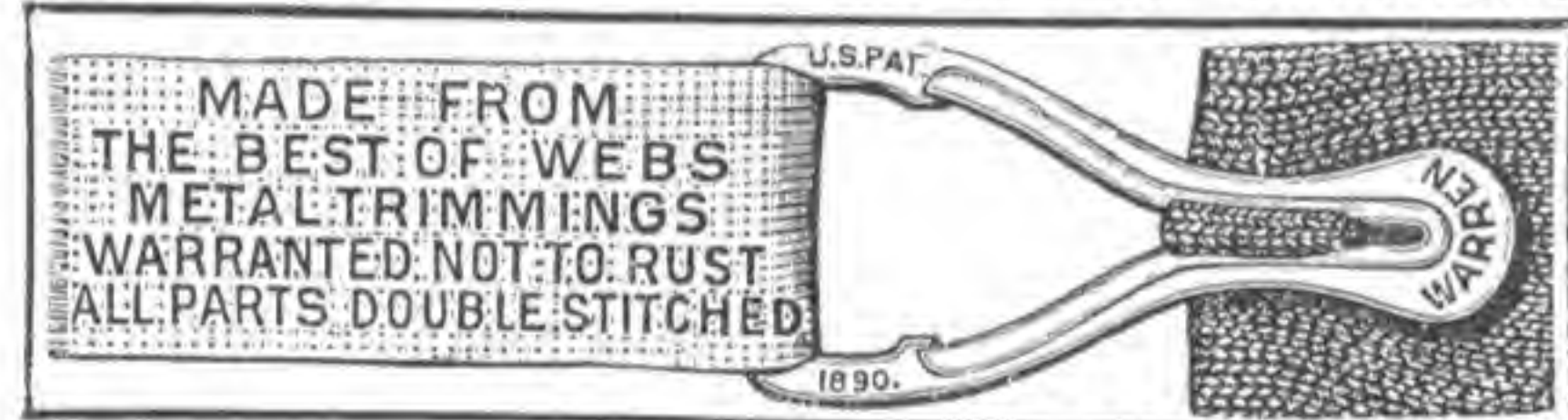
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Either you do not wash effectually, or
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the skin open and clean, or you hurt it.

Remedy.—Use Pears' Soap; no
matter how much; but a little is enough
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All sorts of stores sell it, especially
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Many a life has been lost
because of the taste of cod-
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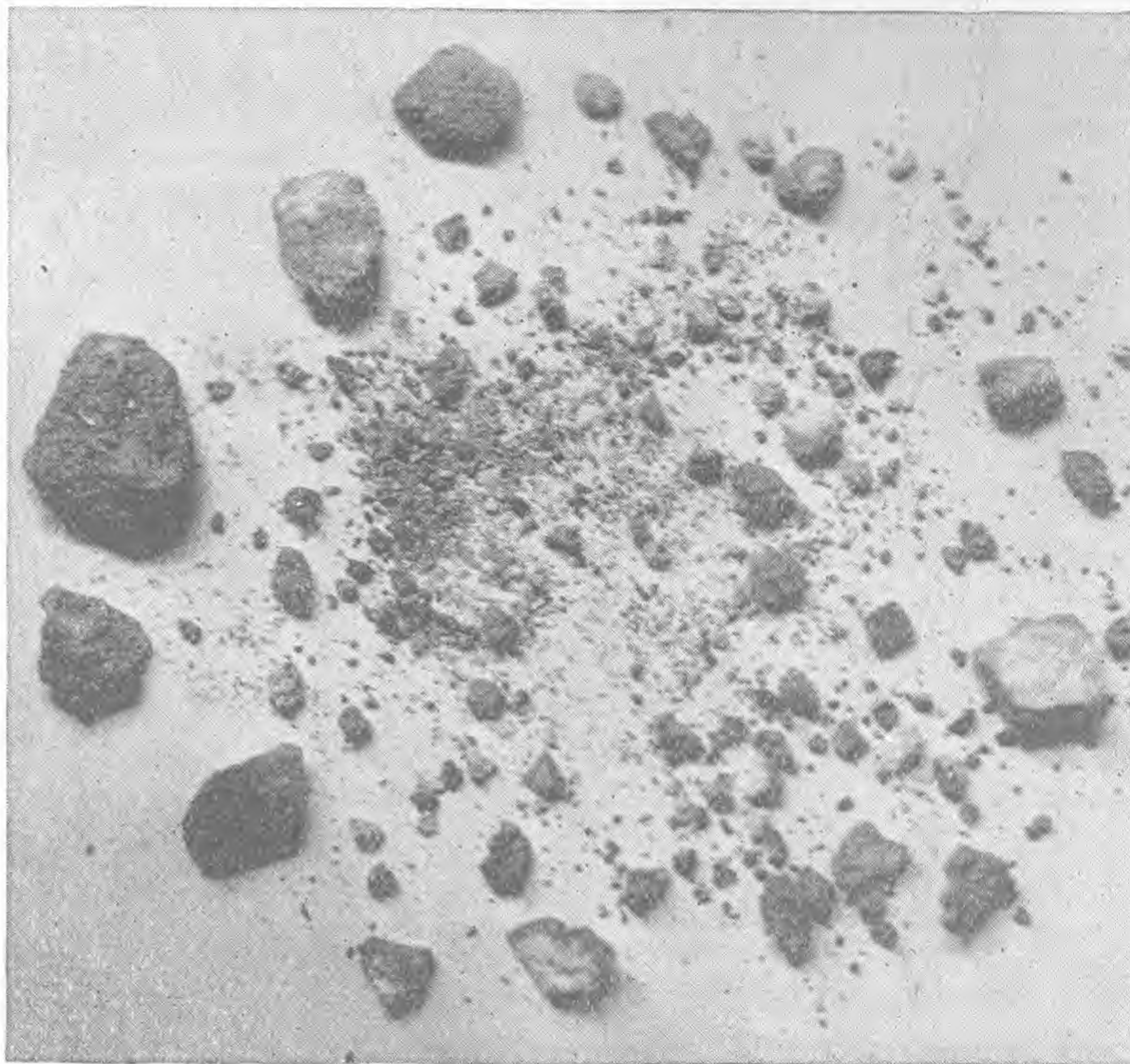
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An abbreviated report of a case stated by Dr. J. J. Maxfield in the October "Prescription," published at Danbury, Conn.



"A year ago Mr. A., 51 years old, consulted me for a supposed inflammation of the bladder. I examined him and readily detected a stone. It was large and was so hard that you could hear the click of the instrument in any part of my office. I advised an operation but he refused to consent, so I ordered him to drink one quart of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER every day. This treatment was kept up for nine months, when it seemed as if the operation could no longer be delayed. During the treatment large quantities of the debris came away. On the 20th of June I examined him again, and the stone did not seem so large nor was the click so pronounced. On the 21st I performed the operation, and after getting into the bladder grasped the stone and found it was like a mass of putty filled with sand. I finally got it all away. No part of it was so hard but that it could be crushed with very little effort between the fingers.

"The cut will illustrate better than I could tell how some of the mass looked, though a great deal of the finest particles were lost, besides all those parts which came away during the treatment of nine months preceding.

"It will be noticed that there were very few large pieces, all these were so soft that they would drop to pieces on the slightest provocation.

"Had I known before I operated I would not have operated at all, for I firmly believe that if I had continued the treatment of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER a few weeks longer the stone would have fallen to pieces. The stone was roughened, showing the dissolving action of the water on it. I believe the case is unique in every particular, and shows the value of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER so clearly that I thought it worth repeating. The total weight of the pieces saved was two hundred and thirteen grains."

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Mrs. Harrison gives the first of her fresh and delightful inner glimpses of the society life of New York—its people and its customs—in the Christmas number of

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The Society of the Past	New York's "Four Hundred"
How Social Life has Grown	Receiving Titled Foreigners
The Real "Society Events"	The New York Society Girl
Society of the Newspapers	Men in Gotham Social Life
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The second of Mrs. Harrison's articles will appear in the January issue, in which there will also be printed a notable article on

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WHETHER the use of wines at fashionable dinners and in the best society is decreasing—a question treated in a full-page paper, to which the following men and women have contributed:

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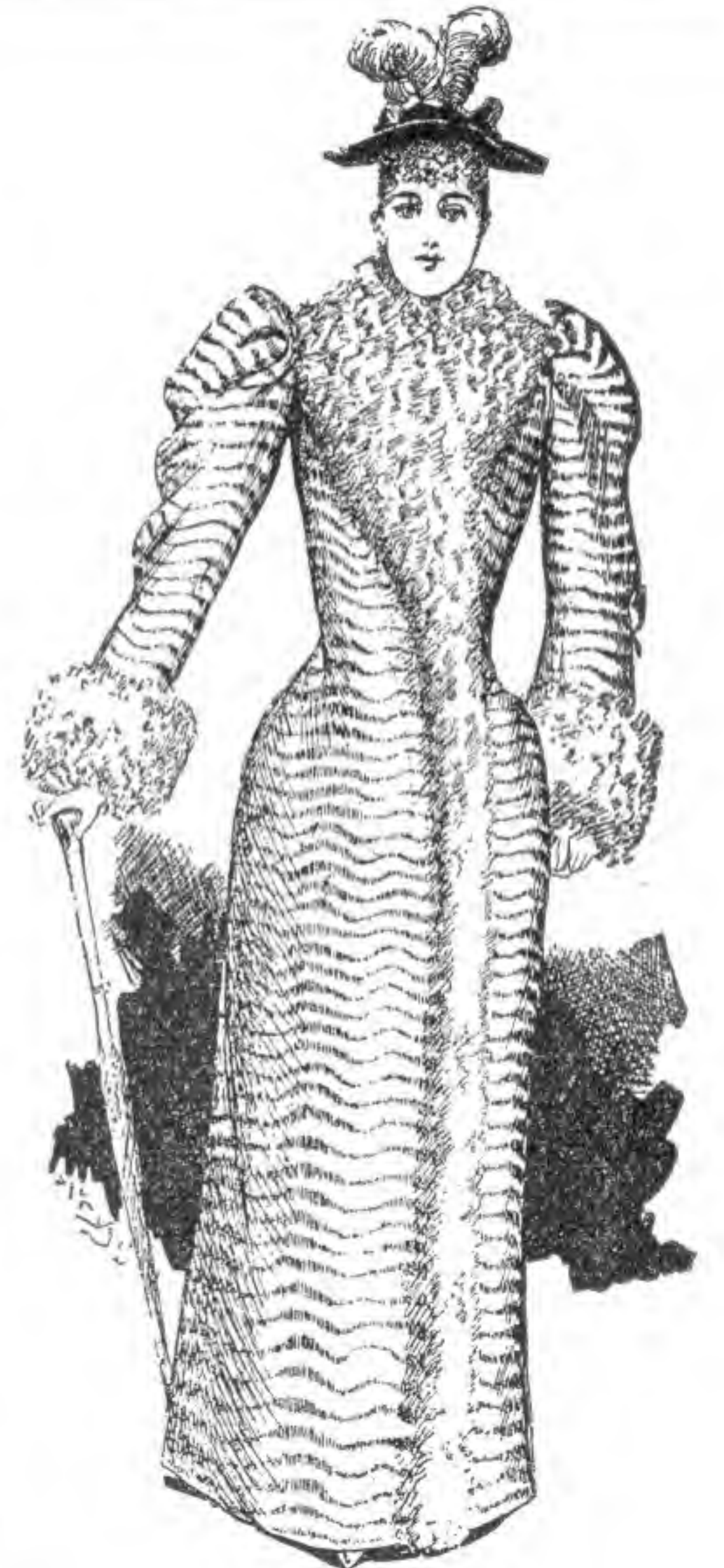
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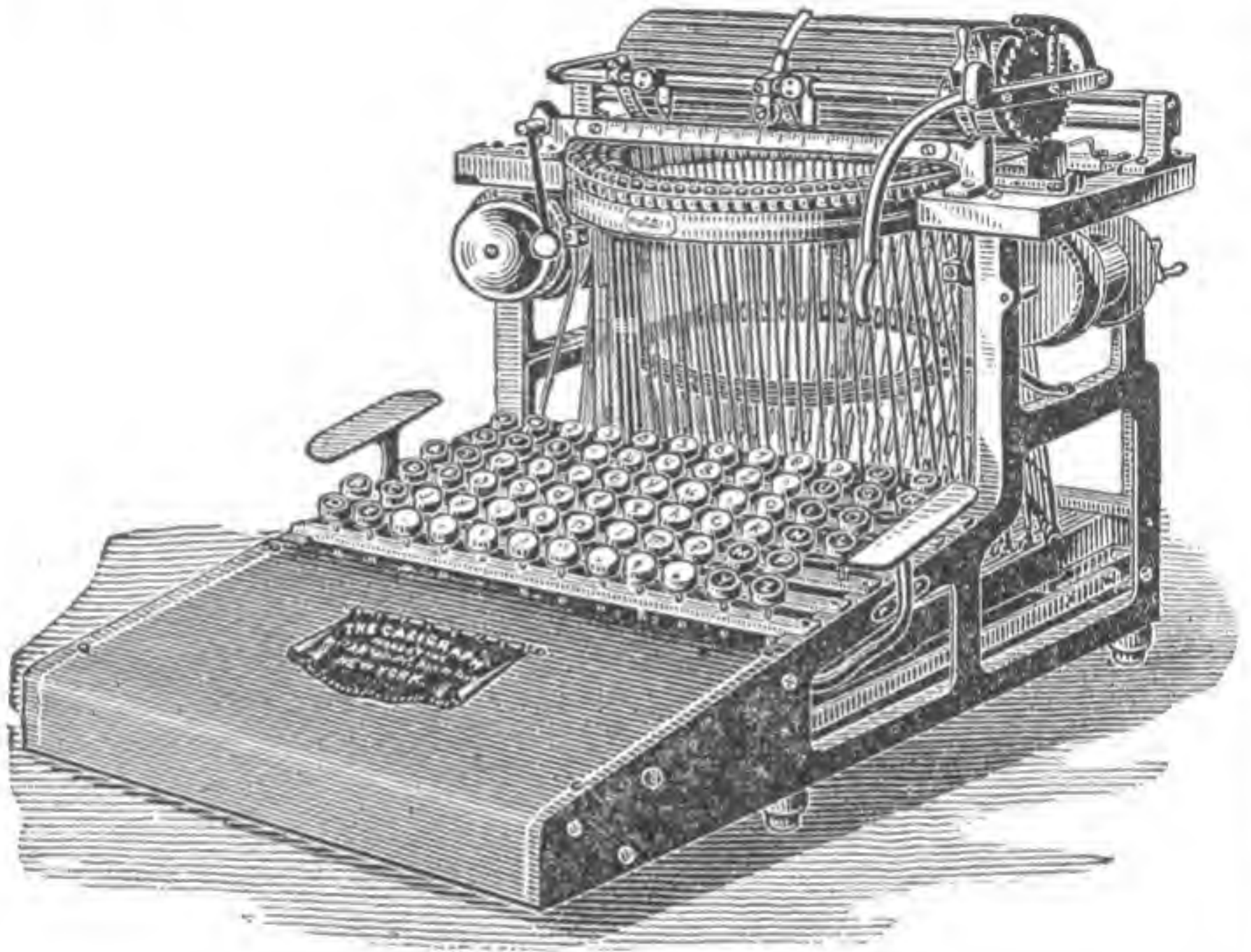
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